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WESTERTON WARNING HIS FELLOW CLERK AGAINST GOING TO DRURY-LANE.

OUR FELLOW CLERK.

We always thought Henry Westerton very mean. He was the second clerk in the establishment in which my cousin and myself were juniors. We knew he had a liberal salary, and that he was un-

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married; but so far from this having any effect on him in the way of loosening his purse strings, there was not one of us would have been guilty of the miserly habits which were laid to his charge. When I say, "one of us," I mean one out of the

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dozen clerks who daily found their way from various quarters, as regularly as the clock struck nine, to the large many-desked counting-house in St. Barnard's Lane.

There could be no doubt of his meanness. The careful way in which he brushed his hat every time he took it off, proved it. It was an old hat too, though one would scarcely have guessed it at first sight—only for the shape, which was I cannot tell how many seasons behind the fashion; but a good many. The fact is, he had such a way with his hat; and he was found out once inking it round the edge. Well, then there was his coat, which, for three whole years, he wore to the office, and which he set as much store by as if it were new only last week—taking it off and folding it up in his desk, and putting on an old office coat, that had been a great-coat once. He said it was more comfortable to wear—a loose coat for writing in: but we knew why he did it:—he was mean and miserly; of course that was it.

We used to tease him—that is, we tried to tease Westerton about his old hat and coat, and other things: but it didn't do any good. In fact, it wasn't easy to put him out; he was so good-tempered, he could bear almost anything, and so ready to oblige in everything except where money was concerned; and this, of course, made it more provoking.

But it was not only in wearing old clothes, that some of us who had not a quarter of his salary would have been ashamed to be seen in, that Westerton's miserly ways peeped out. We made a subscription once for a holiday on the water. There were not many holidays, you may be sure, in St. Barnard's Lane; but there was one red-letter day for us one summer, on some particular occasion:—it was the coronation of George IV, if I remember right; and we all agreed—all but Westerton—that we would have a day's sail up to Richmond. The head clerk, and one or two others, did not mean to go, and they said so; but they laid down their full share of the expenses cheerfully, and wished us a pleasant and safe voyage. But when it came to Westerton, he only said he wished he could afford it; but it was not in his power to join us, nor yet to assist in defraying the expenses. You may be sure that he was looked upon as meaner than ever after that; and he had a good deal to hear from all of us, in one way or another, about it, for a long time afterwards; but he didn't take any notice of our taunts.

This was not all. One evening, one of our clerks was in company, when he heard Mr. Westerton's name mentioned: and he found out, by somebody who knew all about it, that there was a young lady to whom he had been engaged several years, who was kept waiting and waiting till he could afford to marry. Now we all knew what Westerton's salary was, and that there were many people with not half so large an income, who were married, and could live comfortably too. So it was quite plain that it was only his meanness and miserliness that made him afraid of the expense of a wife. Of course it was a want of spirit in the lady, whoever she was, that made her put up with his delays: but then we could make excuses for her; but there were none for him, only that he was mean.

I do not say that Westerton could not be generous sometimes. We did him the justice to acknowledge *that*. Once, one of our clerks had a long illness; and, poor fellow, he had a wife and family to support: and, of course, when he left off coming to the counting-house, and was obliged to give up his situation for the time, he was very badly off. Our employers allowed him a small weekly sum, and there was a subscription among all the clerks, to help him a little. Well, Westerton joined in *that* subscription, which we did not expect from him, so mean and selfish as he was; but it proved afterwards that he did a great deal more than that; for when poor Smith got better, and came back again, he hadn't enough to say about Westerton—how he had visited him; and had paid, out of his own pocket, for keeping his eldest boy at school; and was always bringing him something nice and strengthening; and had paid a quarter's rent for him when he was hard pushed, and might have been turned out of his home, ill as he was, or, at any rate, have had his furniture seized for the rent. This altered our opinion of Westerton a little, till one of us, more sharp than the rest, said that no doubt he had begged and made up subscriptions among his friends for poor Smith; and that it was a cheap way of getting a name, to be generous with other people's money. This was true, no doubt; and, to be sure, if a person can be mean in one way he can in another; so, after all, Westerton did not get much credit for generosity, if that was his motive.

And yet, I cannot say but that Henry Westerton was liked. Oh yes, everybody in the counting-house liked him: he was so good-natured, as I have said, except where money was concerned. And where that was concerned, it can scarcely be conceived how mean he was: I have not told half. There were his dinners, for instance; but I won't say anything about them, for every one has a right to please himself in what he eats and drinks. But besides his being good-natured, he was so steady and conscientious and so cheerful. He had always something kind to say to us juniors especially. There was not any cant or slang about him; but he sometimes said a word or two about religion, and gave us a little advice now and then, when there seemed to be something not quite as it should be in our conduct, that we could not help respecting him, though he was so mean and miserly. I remember, one time, saying something rather disrespectful about my father: it was not much, or at least I did not think it was much then: it was some disrespectful name I gave him, such as speaking of him as "the old governor at home," instead of saying "my father." Well, he did not seem to take any notice of it at the time; but a day or two afterwards he took a quiet opportunity of reminding me of what I had said so flippantly, and of entreating me, as I valued God's blessing, and as I desired to have pleasant recollections of past days when I grew older, never to think or speak lightly of my father or mother.

It is strange, perhaps; but I never forgot that mild and gentle reproof: it did me good; and I respected him more than ever after that, though he was mean about money.

That was not the only time in which Westerton

exercised an influence over me for my own good. One of our clerks was a gay, wild young fellow, and once almost persuaded me to go with him in the evening to Drury-lane theatre. I certainly should have gone if Westerton had not heard of my intention, and called me to his desk when business was over. Then he spoke so pleasantly, and yet so seriously, about the dangers and temptations to which I was about to expose myself;—of the obstacles that would be thrown in the way of my success, and the grief it would be to my parents, if I should become fond of these kinds of amusements; “and more than all,” he added, “such pursuits often prove the downward road to eternal ruin;”—that I promised him I would give up my intention, and I did. I had afterwards great reason to respect him for it; for the young man I should have gone with turned out very badly, and I might have been like him. But then, what a pity it was Westerton was so mean!

Not to make this part of my story any longer, Mr. Westerton left the counting-house at last, after being there a good many years. It seemed strange; but though he had such a character for miserliness, almost every one was sorry when he was gone. We none of us knew, at the time, exactly where he went; but it came out afterwards that he was taken into partnership in a house in the city—a large concern, doing a good deal of business. And then, of course, this accounted for his mean and saving ways. No doubt he had been hoarding up and up, till he had money enough to purchase a share in that concern. To be sure this was all very well; but still, we thought a man may be prudent and economical without being niggardly; and we fancied how close he would most likely be, as he got to be rich, and would not have any enjoyment of life whatever.

Some time afterwards we saw in the paper that Henry Westerton was married—married at last to the lady he had kept waiting so long; and we thought that she was not much to be envied, especially when we remembered his starving ways about his dinners, and how cheap he used to get them.

It was a good many years after this, and when I was second clerk at the counting-house in St. Barnard's Lane, that I was invited to spend an evening at the house of an old friend who lived a few miles out of London. I had to go by rail, and was to sleep at my friend's house, and get back by an early train the next morning.

On entering the carriage, there was one other person there—a middle-aged gentleman, whose looks, for a moment, puzzled me. I felt sure that I had known him, or met him; but could not remember when or where. The puzzle did not last long; for he no sooner spoke than I knew the voice: it was that of Henry Westerton. I made myself known to him directly (of course I was more altered than he was), and we soon got into a pleasant conversation.

And yet I could with difficulty persuade myself that my fellow passenger was the same Henry Westerton I had known in other days, and whom I could scarcely dissociate in my memory from the old but well-preserved hat and coat which had seemed to be a part of himself. Here he was, in neat, certainly, but good and faultlessly correct

garb: he had the outward appearance of a man in circumstances so prosperous as to be indifferent to a coat and hat more or less in the year. I might be mistaken, to be sure; but it struck me that, in this particular at any rate, he had abandoned his miserly ways; but then, perhaps the position he held compelled him to appear well dressed; and he might be mean for all that.

I made these remarks silently, of course, while our conversation went on; and after a little time I found my suspicions and former prejudices melting away, for the time at least. Let me explain how and why.

I am the son of pious parents, and had been trained in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” This is a Scripture phrase, and an expressive one: I trust that many of my readers know by experience what it means. By God's mercy, and in answer to the prayers of those parents, I had been preserved from the contaminating influences of irreligious and vicious companions, though I had not been free, as I have shown, from their enticements, to which, in one instance at least, I had almost consented: but I had not, in my more youthful days, given my heart to the Saviour. It had pleased God, however, at a somewhat later period, to enable me to make this unspeakably blessed choice.

It was natural, then, when I accidentally encountered my former fellow clerk, to express to him my gratitude that he had, on the occasion to which I have referred, interposed his kind and gentle influence, so as to draw me back from what might have been the commencement of a swift and constantly accelerated downward course.

I did so; and this gave a turn to our conversation which made us regret the short distance we had to travel together; and when he left the carriage, a station nearer to London than that towards which I was bound, he put his card into my hand, and gave me a pressing invitation to his house in that neighbourhood. When he was gone, and I remained alone in the carriage, my mind naturally reverted to the Christian intercourse I had enjoyed, and then as naturally, to the thoughts we had formerly entertained of Westerton. I certainly could not reconcile these. His conversation had been deeply experimental in the religion which, let scoffers say what they will, is the direct antagonist of selfishness, and which tells us in express terms that “the love of money is the root of all evil;” it had glowed, too, with expansive benevolence. But then, the habit of saving and hoarding, which, nobody could deny, had brought upon him, not the contempt, but the derision certainly, of his fellows!

“Ah, well,” I thought to myself: “the world is full of inconsistencies; and they too often creep into the Christian church. There is no accounting for these things; the best thing is to take warning from them when they force themselves on our notice.” And I put Mr. Westerton's card in my pocket, undecided whether or not to accept his invitation at some future day; for my prejudices were returning.

In another quarter of an hour I had reached my destination, and found at my friend's house other visitors besides myself; by one of whom, in the course of the evening, the name of Mr. Westerton

was introduced; and, very much to my astonishment, I heard him referred to as one of the most liberal, generous, unselfish men in the whole neighbourhood around.

"Do you mean Mr. Henry Westerton, of such and such a house in the city, and whose name is on this card?" I asked, producing the card, and handing it to the speaker.

"Yes, the same; are you acquainted with him?" he asked.

"I have some slight acquaintance with him," I answered rather coldly; for I could not but fancy that the praises I heard were not quite deserved. "Westerton is rich now," thought I; "and he may not have the temptations to meanness which he once had; but—"

"Have you known him long?" asked my friend, breaking into the current of my thoughts.

"I knew him more intimately some years ago than I do now, and when he was in different circumstances; but, accidentally falling in with him to-day, he has invited me to renew our former acquaintance."

"Which you will do, of course."

"I am not certain," I replied; "I should like to know something more about him first."

My wish in this particular was gratified. To judge from the encomiums which were heaped on him, Mr. Westerton was a pattern of unostentatious benevolence. I was told that he lived in a simple inexpensive way, though his income must be very considerable—but not in order to save; it was conjectured, indeed, that he gave away every year far more than he expended in his whole establishment. He was personally active, beside, in every good word and work. By his sympathy, as much as by pecuniary assistance, he made many a sorrower's heart leap for joy and gratitude; and he was the friend of the fatherless and widow, whom he visited in their affliction. Young men were spoken of, whom Mr. Westerton had assisted in starting in life; and others, whom he had rescued from the vortex of dissipation, and the immediate consequences of youthful falls and extravagances. Concerning his own family, I learned that it was a very happy one; and that his wife seconded, by all means in her power, the noble efforts of her husband in the cause of religion and benevolence.

An hour or two later, and I was left alone with my friend.

"You seem in a silent mood," he said, after an attempt or two to draw me into continuous conversation had failed.

"I am thinking," I answered, "of Mr. Westerton, and am trying to account for the change which has taken place in his character since I knew him, and when he had such an evil reputation for meanness."

"Meanness!" exclaimed my friend, in surprise; "he is about the very last person I should suspect of that. Mr. Westerton mean!"

"Mean and miserly: we always thought him so in our counting-house; and we had daily opportunities of observing his conduct. To be sure, we might be mistaken: we must have been if he is now what you represent him to be; but yet I cannot exactly understand it."

"I cannot understand it either," said my friend;

"and yet," he added, after a slight pause; "perhaps I can partly explain it. But in what way did you come to form such an opinion of Mr. Westerton?"

I hesitated at first to answer my friend's question; but he urged it. "I would not ask you," he said, "if I had not a good motive, and a hope of removing an injurious impression from your mind." So I told him about the close and shabby habits for which he was noted, and the care he took of every penny, though we knew that he had a large salary.

"And you never heard, then," my friend continued, speaking quietly, "that he might have some particular reasons for such rigid economy? It appears that you did not know him so very intimately, after all."

"Oh, if there had been any good reason, we should have known it I suppose; at any rate, it would have been easy for him to have explained, which he never did. But the thing explained itself when he left the counting-house to join his present partners. Of course he had to pay for that."

"Oh!" said my friend.

"And besides," I added, "there was the young person he kept so many years waiting till he could afford to marry. I am glad they are happy now; but I do not think it right to keep an engagement of that sort dragging on year after year, especially if what we heard were true, that the wedding day had been fixed very soon after the engagement commenced, and that Westerton drew back from it, and put off the time indefinitely."

"That *was* true," said my friend, still quietly: "the day was fixed, and then postponed for several years. Well, is that all?"

"Quite enough, I think, to give us a mean opinion of him," I replied; "but I judge from your manner that you think differently."

"The story is well known now," my friend responded; "and I do not break confidence in telling it. Perhaps when you have heard what I have to say, you will see that your judgment was hasty and unkind. Let me tell you first, however, that Westerton did not throw into the firm that he joined, a penny of capital; and for a very good reason—he had not a penny. But here is my story:—

"Mr. Westerton entered into life with very good prospects. His father was a banker in a large town in one of the western counties, and reputedly rich. He had a large family, and Henry was his eldest son.

"By one of those sudden and unexpected reverses which sometimes in the course of providence fall on commercial circles, the banker was utterly ruined. There is no need to enter into the particulars of that event, only that its effects on his mind were irrecoverably mournful. The banker became a helpless imbecile; and of all his family, only Henry was of an age, or in circumstances, to provide for himself, and he was on the eve of being married.

"Two courses," continued my friend, "were placed before young Westerton. One was, to marry and abandon his family to their fate, with such little assistance as he might possibly be able to give; the alternative was to break off his en-

gement, abandon his original profession, and work for the support of father, sisters, and brothers.

"He had not a thought for himself, sir: but he had for the young person who was to have been his wife. He laid the case before her. 'We cannot be married now,' she said. 'It is not needful that we should be; but it is needful for you to be all that you have said. We need not however give up our engagement. When you feel at liberty to claim me for your wife, I will be your wife; and till then——'

"Well, sir, they parted. The family removed to London, and Henry obtained the situation in which you first knew him. For ten years he struggled on through difficulties which would have borne down a stronger man than he—which must have borne him down if he had not been supported by a consciousness of right, and assisted by heavenly strength and wisdom. He bore his father's infirmities, and denied himself every personal gratification, to provide the feeble-minded man with luxuries. He educated his sisters and younger brothers—found employment for them—encouraged them by his example to straightforward and energetic action—threw over them the shield of his protection when they needed it."

"And all this time," I said, self-reproachingly, "we were calling him mean and miserly, and laughing at his care of an old hat and coat!"

"It is the way with us all," replied my friend. "Man looks at the outward appearance. We have yet to learn how many noble, God-guided and self-denying hearts beat under a very shabby exterior. Shall I tell you any more of Mr. Westerton's story?"

"You need not," I said; "I can readily suppose the rest."

"Well, there is not much more to be told. Brothers and sisters, one after another, were enabled to provide for themselves, but still the father's support rested mainly on the eldest son; and the burden became increasingly difficult to bear, when the way was so unexpectedly and extraordinarily opened for Westerton to join the firm of which he is now the leading partner, as to show manifestly that the hand of God was in it, and that his approbation was resting on the filial regard and affection he had shown. Now, are you still prepared to maintain that your old fellow clerk was mean and miserly?"

My reader must answer for me. It is enough for me to say here, that I have practically learned a lesson which I hope never to forget—never to form a hasty judgment from outward appearances.

One word now, and I have done. The present world is not a state of perfect retribution, either in rewards or in punishment; there is another world, where all that is apparently anomalous in this shall be explained, and all that is imperfect rectified; but yet, in all God's dealings with men, there is nothing more commonly seen than that the men who honour father and mother, and place their earthly interests above their own, are the men upon whom God in his providence more particularly condescends to smile.

THE only way to be loved is to be and to appear lovely; to possess and display kindness, benevolence, tenderness; to be free from selfishness; and to be alive to the welfare of others.

THE LAST TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

THE scepticism which arose and prevailed so largely in the eighteenth century, had at least one excellent effect—that of uprooting a multitude of popular superstitions, among which, one of the most formidable was the belief in witchcraft. It may not, perhaps, be generally remembered, that at the time when Steele and Addison were writing the "Spectator," witchcraft was still a capital offence, and that persons accused of it had suffered the penalty of death not many years before. It was in 1691 that Mr. Justice Holt put the first serious check upon prosecutions of this sort in the courts of justice; but we nevertheless find him at Exeter five years later, presiding at the trial of one Elizabeth Horner, who was charged with "bewitching three children of William Bovet, one of whom was dead." Mrs. Horner was acquitted; and it was afterwards remarked by the good Dr. Hutchinson, that "no inconvenience hath followed her acquittal." Later than this, however, that is to say, in the year 1712, a poor woman in Hertfordshire was tried, and actually "found guilty," upon an indictment charging her with "conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat"—a form of accusation which certainly threw ridicule over the whole proceeding; but, in conformity with the verdict, the judge was nevertheless obliged to sentence the prisoner to be hanged, and was able to save her only through the intervention of a "pardon," which he subsequently obtained in her behalf. As it may serve to give us a glimpse into the condition of rural England nearly a century and a half ago, when the schoolmaster was less abroad than he even is at present, it is here proposed to relate the story of this last of the witchcraft prosecutions. The particulars are drawn from Mr. Wright's lately published "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic," a work well worthy of perusal by such as may be curious respecting the history of popular delusions.

Be it known, then, that in the year 1712 aforesaid, there was living at Walkern, in the county of Hertford, a poor woman of the name of Jane Wenham. It is not clear whether she was an old woman or a young one, or a woman of middle age, but in all probability she was "growing into years;" and, being not exactly a person of amiable temper, she had, for that and other reasons, come to be regarded by her neighbours as a witch. When the horses or cattle of the farmers in the parish chanced to die, the ignorant, stupid people ascribed their losses to Jenny Wenham's sorcery. This was particularly the case with a farmer named Chapman, one of whose labourers, Matthew Gilson, told him a strange sort of story, which seemed to imply that he (Matthew) had been wondrously bewitched himself. This man was subsequently examined before the magistrates, and he then made a curious deposition. He declared "that on New-year's day last past, he, carrying straw upon a fork from Mrs. Gardner's barn, met Jane Wenham, who asked him for some straw, which he refused to give her; then she said she would take some, and accordingly took some away from this informant. And, further, this informant saith, that on the 29th of January last, when this informant was threshing in the barn of his master,

John Chapman, an old woman in a riding-hood or cloak, he knows not which, came to the barn door, and asked him for a pennyworth of straw; he told her he could give her none, and she went away muttering. And this informant saith, that after the woman was gone he was not able to work, but ran out of the barn as far as a place called Munder's hill (which was above three miles from Walkern), and asked at a house there for a pennyworth of straw, and they refused to give him any; he went farther to some dung-heaps, and took some straw from thence, and pulled off his shirt, and brought it home in his shirt; he knows not what moved him to this, but says he was forced to do it he knows not how." A part of this singular statement was corroborated by another witness, who declared that he saw Matthew Gilson returning with the straw in his shirt; that he moved along at a great pace, and that, instead of passing over a bridge, he walked straight through the water.

On hearing the story, John Chapman felt confirmed in the suspicions which he entertained against Mrs. Wenham; and on meeting her one day shortly afterwards, he ventured to tell her a bit of his mind, applying to her at the same time several offensive epithets, whereof that of "witch" was one of the mildest and least opprobrious. It would seem, however, that he rather "caught a Tartar;" for on the 9th of February, Jane Wenham went to sir Henry Chauncey, a magistrate, and obtained a warrant against Chapman for defamation. In the sequel, the quarrel between Mrs. Wenham and the farmer was referred to the decision of the parish clergyman, the rev. Mr. Gardiner, who, in settling the matter, appears to have spoken somewhat harshly to the woman, advising her to live more peaceably with her neighbours, but nevertheless condemning Chapman to pay her one shilling as a compensation for the injury sustained through his abuse.

Here it might have been hoped the business would have ended. But Mr. Gardiner, though a clergyman, was as firm a believer in witchcraft as farmer Chapman; and presently a circumstance transpired which led him to suppose that the old woman was dissatisfied with the kind of justice he had given her, and that, therefore, by way of vengeance, she had determined to perform a stroke of witchcraft in his household. His judgment had been delivered in the parsonage-house kitchen, in the presence of Anne Thorn, a servant maid, who was sitting by the fire, having the evening before "put her knee out," and had just then got it set. Jane Wenham and Chapman being gone, Mr. Gardiner had returned into the parlour to his wife, in company with a neighbour of the name of Bragge. These three persons, according to their several depositions, had not been seated together more than six or seven minutes, when they heard "a strange yelling noise in the kitchen;" and on Mr. Gardiner going out to see what was the matter, he "found this Anne Thorn stripped to her shirt sleeves, howling and wringing her hands in a dismal manner," but quite incapable of uttering anything articulately. The reverend gentleman called aloud for Mrs. Gardiner and Mr. Bragge, who thereupon sprang up and followed him. Mrs. Gardiner, with a woman's impatience to solve a

mystery, asked the girl what was the matter with her; and the latter, "not being able to speak," pointed earnestly at a bundle which lay upon the floor, and which her mistress thereupon took up and unpinned, and "found it to be the girl's gown and apron, and a parcel of oaken twigs with dead leaves wrapped up therein." As soon as the bundle was opened, Anne Thorn began to speak, crying, out, "I'm ruined and undone;" and after she had a little recovered herself, she gave the following relation of what had happened to her. She said, when she was left alone she found "a strange roaming in her hand"—what this might signify we cannot exactly understand—however, she went on to say, that "her mind ran upon Jane Wenham, and she thought she must run some whither; that accordingly she ran up the close, but looked back several times at the house, thinking she should never see it more; that she climbed over a five-bar gate, and ran along the highway up a hill; that there she met two of John Chapman's men, one of whom took hold of her hand, saying she should go with them; but she was forced away from them not being able to speak, either to them or to one Daniel Chapman, whom, she said, she met on horseback, and would fain have spoken to him, but could not; then she made her way towards Cromer, as far as a place called Hockney-lane, where she looked behind her, and saw a little old woman muffled in a riding-hood, who asked her whither she was going. She answered, to Cromer to fetch some sticks to make her fire; the old woman told her there were now no sticks at Cromer, and bade her go to that oak-tree and pluck some from thence, which she did, and laid them upon the ground. The old woman bade her pull off her gown and apron, and wrap the sticks in them, and asked her whether she had e'er a pin. Upon her answering she had none, the old woman gave her a large crooked pin, bade her pin up the bundle, and then vanished away; after which she ran home with her bundle of sticks, and sat down in the kitchen stripped, as Mr. Gardiner found her."

On hearing the girl's relation, all parties were sufficiently astonished and perplexed; Mrs. Gardiner, however, exclaimed, "We will burn the witch"—alluding to a received notion, that when the thing bewitched was burned, the witch was certain to appear; and accordingly she took the twigs, together with the pin, and threw them into the fire. By a singular coincidence, Jane Wenham immediately came into the room, pretending, it is said, to inquire after Anne Thorn's mother, and "saying she had an errand to do to her from Ardley Bury (sir Henry Chauncey's house), to wit, that she must go thither to wash next day." Now, according to the depositions of the prosecutors, "this mother Thorn had been in the house all the time that Jane Wenham was there with John Chapman, and heard nothing of it, and was then gone home." Of course it was very likely that Jane Wenham might have forgotten to mention the message, owing to the excitement she was in through her unpleasant affair with Chapman; at any rate, no such charitable excuse was thought of by the wonderfully shrewd people who had her case to deal with. On hearing her statement, "Mrs. Gardiner bade Jane Wenham go to

Elizabeth Thorn, and tell her there was work enough for her there"—meaning, that she would be required to nurse her daughter Anne—and thereupon the supposed witch departed. Furthermore, the depositions say, that "upon inquiry made afterwards, it was found that she never was ordered to deliver any such errand from Ardley Bury;" and so there seemed to be but one reasonable inference left, namely, that Jane Wenham, being a witch, her presence in Mr. Gardiner's kitchen had been mysteriously enforced by the burning of the twigs and pin aforesaid!

Here, at any rate, was an excellent groundwork for a charge of witchcraft. Chapman's two men, and the horseman, deposed to meeting Anne Thorn on the road, as she related; and others of Mrs. Wenham's enemies came forward to testify that several people had previously been bewitched by her. The clergyman was eager to promote the prosecution; and on his solicitation a warrant was obtained from sir Henry Chauncey for the woman's apprehension. The examinations were taken in due form before sir Henry at Ardley Bury, and he directed four women to search Jane Wenham's person for the customary "witches' marks," but none, it seems, were found. Next day, however, the examination was continued, and the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner was taken, affirming the particulars already mentioned. Jane Wenham perceived that the accusation was assuming a formidable appearance, and in her dread of being sent to gaol, she earnestly entreated Mrs. Gardiner "not to swear against her," and offered to submit to the "trial of swimming in the water"—a common mode of testing the guilt of suspected witches. Sir Henry, who seems to have yielded to most of the prejudices of the prosecutors, refused to allow of such a mode of trial. But there was another clergyman, the vicar of Ardley, no less superstitious than the rector of Walkern, who undertook to try her by a still more infallible method, that of repeating the Lord's prayer, a thing which no witch was considered capable of doing. Being submitted to this ordeal, the poor woman, either in her confusion, or through lamentable ignorance, repeated it incorrectly, and hence another proof was obtained in support of the charge against her. The parson, moreover, so frightened her by threats as to induce her to confess that she actually *was* a witch, and further, to accuse three other women of Walkern with being her confederates in unlawful practices, and more especially with having a direct intercourse with Satan.

The prosecution seemed now in a fair way of prospering; and accordingly Jane Wenham was committed to prison to take her trial at the assizes. On the 4th of March the case came on for hearing before Mr. Justice Powell, who was not a little puzzled how to deal with it; for there had been no trial of the kind for several years past, and intelligent people had long been sneering at witchcraft as a ridiculous incredibility. The lawyers refused to draw up the indictment for any other charge than that of "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," as stated at the commencement of the present paper. However, no less than sixteen witnesses, three of them being clergymen, were heard against the prisoner, and all the absurdities before set forth were solemnly recapitu-

lated and affirmed. The poor woman declared her innocence, and the judge did what he could to damage the proceedings. Nevertheless, a Hertfordshire jury found her "guilty;" and Mr. Justice Powell had to put on the black cap and pronounce sentence of death according to the statute for such cases made and provided. He certainly never intended that the sentence should be executed, but that being the legal penalty for proven witchcraft, he had no alternative but to go through the formality. A pardon was subsequently obtained, and the poor woman was set at liberty, much to the horror of her superstitious persecutors. To save her from any further ill-treatment or annoyance, an enlightened and kind gentleman, colonel Plummer, of Gilston, took her under his protection, placing her in a cottage on his own estate, where, it is agreeable to learn, she "passed the rest of her life in a quiet, inoffensive manner."

Such, reader, is as faithful an account as we can give you of the last trial for witchcraft. It is, perhaps, a story which would scarcely be worth the telling, were it not in some sort calculated to show us the harassing and dangerous persecutions to which the poor and neglected were in former days liable. Whatever may be the difficulties and disasters of the present time, there is certainly ground for congratulation in the fact, that no one can now become the victim of any such ridiculous accusation. Witchcraft has long been an obsolete delusion. One of the most important results of the trial here in question, was the publication, two or three years afterwards, of the famous "Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft," by the king's chaplain in ordinary, Dr. Francis Hutchinson—a book which gave the last blow to the declining superstition; from that time the belief in witchcraft lingered only among the most ignorant portions of the population; and now at last there seems reason to conclude that it is pretty well extinguished. As in any shin-bone of prediluvian creatures the geologist and man of science finds an interest, and derives from it some hint of the condition of the world when the animal it belonged to was alive, so may the historian of progress not idly or unfitly gather here and there some figment of departed error, and bring it forth in proof, that while "the great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change," the states and prospects of humanity are in some particulars ameliorated, and that, as folly dies, the forms of truth appear, with mercy and advancement in their hands.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I was but a young man, and a still younger traveller, when, about ten years ago, I landed on Brown's wharf at Toronto. I remained in that most thriving city for several days, and then went on board the steamer, *en route* for the Falls of Niagara. A few hours' sail across Burlington bay brought us to the mouth of the Niagara river, up which we steamed seven miles to Queenston, where our vessel stopped, and we landed. This is an insignificant place, but the scenery is exquisite, and the historical associations interesting. Here

was fought during the last war a brief but bloody battle, in which the Americans were worsted, and many of them driven, at the point of the bayonet, over the height, into the water. On this occasion General Brock, in command of our army, was killed. That wars may utterly cease must be the prayer of every Christian; but most of all should we desire that such fratricidal strifes as those which have in times past taken place between this country and the United States, should never more recur. A massive stone pillar was erected on the spot where Brock fell, but it was partially destroyed by some miscreants during the Canadian rebellion. They tried to blow it up with gunpowder, but only succeeded in rending and disfiguring it. When the writer first saw it, it stood as this unworthy attempt had left it. Since then, however, a public subscription has been set afoot, and a large sum raised for its repair. It marks an important epoch in the history of the colony.

The steamer does not proceed further than Queenston, because it cannot. Just above the town is the famous whirlpool, in which all objects going over the Falls are tormented, unable to escape. We have read of men being carried over, of their bodies reappearing in this vortex, and being sometimes whirled about for days together, now sinking, and now rising to the surface, horrifying the onlooker, until they either vanish in a way I do not profess to comprehend, or are fished out by those whose charity prompts them, to give the disquieted corpses the rest of the grave. To watch a bloated human body thus jerked about, and tortured, and exposed, must, I imagine, be one of the most harrowing of possible sights, and yet one often witnessed here.

At Queenston we got into the railway cars, in which in those days people were doomed to be carried to Drummondville, "the village of the Falls" on the Canadian side. And such a railroad! To a man who has travelled on the Great Western at the rate of fifty miles an hour, or been shot from London to Edinburgh between six at night and six in the morning, the idea of travelling by rail is a very nice one. But he whose notions of iron roads were formed by a journey along that ancient affair on the banks of the Niagara, must view the whole system as a joke, and these stories about speed as mere myths, got up to entrap the unwary or dazzle the ignorant. We were drawn by horses, and snailed it up one hill, and slid it down another, and jolted it everywhere, till, after spending the best part of two hours in the attempt, we reached our destination about dark, and were delivered over to the solicitations of the most impertinent "toters" I ever saw. In spite of their onslaught, however, I got to my hotel, and, what is still more wonderful, with all my luggage. Such was the only Canadian railway ten years ago. Now there are noble lines formed, which stretch from Quebec on the east, to Lake Huron on the west, and throw off branches to the States on the south, and to the backwood districts on the north. Within a few years Canada has effected wonders in this matter.

The dull roar, ever growing distincter and hoarser, had long warned me of their vicinity; and now, when I jumped from the car, I was within a few yards of the Falls of Niagara, and,

par excellence, the Falls of the world. However, as it was dark, and I felt weary and hungry, a further acquaintance with them was deferred until next morning. After discussing a truly Canadian tea, or supper as the natives call it, I went to bed, and was lulled to sleep by sounds to which holy prophets often refer, when seeking to clothe in words the "things unutterable" which they have heard—even the noise of many waters.

Next morning I was out betimes. But how shall I describe what I saw? I can only tell that it is a tremendous display of Almighty power, before which a thinking man trembles, and feels helpless, as is the dried aspen when threatened by the rush of the wintry hurricane. It is awful to gaze on these waters and listen to their thunderings. There is no room, no time for affectation there; but first and last the inevitable question rises to the lips: Who, then, art thou, and what is thy name, who metest these out, appointest them their bounds, and holdest them in the hollow of thy hand, as calmly as doth the rose-bud bear in her bosom the dew-drop which might hid there, to be offered as a bridal gem to the dawning morn? Thou art the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the mighty God. Who would not fear thee, the Father everlasting? This Hallelujah chorus is the mightiest human thing I know. The fierce roar of a winter sea, when heard by the lone stranger on the dreary shore at gloomy midnight, is an overpowering thing; but more potent far than either, to rouse and confound the soul, is this incomprehensible Niagara. It arrests and commands, with a majesty which men can neither describe nor resist. It enters in, and reveals itself to an individual consciousness, which cannot transmit to others the utterance thus conveyed. It explains itself to those alone who hear its voice. A mother only knows a mother's love. He only can know Niagara who stands beside it.

The Falls are twenty miles below Lake Erie. In this distance the river which supplies them itself falls sixty-six feet; and of this descent fifty-one feet are comprehended within the half mile immediately above the cataract. The entire breadth of the river where the waters dash over, is 1405 yards. Goat island divides them into two falls. That on the Canadian side of this rock is 700 yards wide, and 149 feet high. That on the American side is 162 feet high, and 375 yards wide. The face of Goat island itself, standing black amidst the descending torrent, measures 330 yards.

The York column is 138 feet high. The Canadian side of Niagara is eleven, and the American side twenty-four feet higher than the York column. The breadth of *actual fall* is six and a half times the extreme length of St. Paul's.

At the time of my first visit there was an inclosed staircase hung on this point of the rock, down which you went to get the view from below. Before descending, however, there was a room to be passed through, and in this room there stood a table, furnished with a book in which people were expected to write their names or opinions;—about as feasible a thing as if every person who visited some famous statue of the Stagyrite, were expected to write on the spot a short critique on his genius and philosophy. Why this absurd practice should have

been adopted here, I do not know. Perhaps the tavern keeper thought that in so sublime a neighbourhood people might become inspired by other means than the use of his strong drinks, and that, in such an event, it would be a pity to lose their *dicta* by withholding from them the means of writing them down—a precaution the more requisite, since he probably judged that in many cases the scene and the inspiration would be forgotten together. However this may be, certain it is that the book was there, that I looked at it, and was greatly amused by so doing. It contained every variety of style and species of composition, with which the Smiths, Joneses, Robinsons, and Browns, are so familiar. An illustration or two of the sort of thing extemporised by these good people, may not be uninteresting.

The first is supposed to be written by a lady, and seems to have been suggested by Southey's lines on Lodore:—

"O Falls! How beautiful!
Your waters rush,
And headlong crush.
They seem to leap,
Down in a heap.
My tongue doth fail
To tell your tale.
I should be dumb I trow."

The next is probably by a gentleman who has evidently been deeply read in Peter Bell the Waggoner:—

"I stood upon Niag'ra's shore,
And listen'd to his awful roar.
I could not bear it any more,
And so withdrew."

The next is quite Byronic:—

"Thy flood doth dash—Eternal flow!
Ah, thou art foaming—mighty river!
Goat island dark, with beetle brow
Stands sentry o'er these falls forever.
My brain doth whirl to hear the din:
How would I whirl did I fall in."

One more illustration will suffice. It belongs to no particular school, but is uncommonly energetic:—

"Spring from the rock with giant spasm!
Leap from yon cliff, down to that chasm!
Crash like a smitten world, thou river!
And in thy bed foam—mad forever!"

I cannot refrain from making a prose quotation by way of wind up. The judicious writer observes: "That there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous may be demonstrated, by simply turning away from this book and looking out at the window." I am sure the reader will heartily agree with him.

There was a great bustle in this room. Men and women of all ages and ranks, and principally of the American nation, were going and coming, chewing tobacco or sweetmeats, drinking or talking loud, running up stairs and down in as restless a condition as the neighbouring waters. Nor did I see many who appeared impressed by, or capable of appreciating the scene before them. The visitors to the Falls go, in too many instances, to look at them; just as certain tourists travel to Ireland, or walk through the Trossachs, rather than they may say they have been there, than

from any wish to commune with Nature or her God. The presence of such a class as this is very annoying to one who would rather sympathise with beauty than folly; for God's glorious works, like himself, are best approached in solitude and silence. These crowds of gay sight-seers, and all the monstrous commonplaces which they bring with them, or have provided for them, somewhat diminish the pleasure of a visit to Niagara. Still, one can hide himself and forget them.

Everybody knows that there is an arch formed between the precipice and the descending waters, under which a person can walk, for, I think, some thirty yards. I did not go in, as I could not endure the appalling uproar and excitement. A friend who pierced this strange cavern told me his story, which I shall now repeat. It was winter time. When he got between the water and the rock, he found the narrow ledge on which he had to walk very slippery, and had to proceed with great caution, feeling his way along the icy pavement, ever conscious that one slip or false step would throw him over into the stupendous caldron which boiled on his left hand, and consign him to instant annihilation. But his nerves were of the best quality, and he at last stood at the Termination Rock which juts out into the cataract, and tells the intruder that he can go no further. At this point he turned, and, crawling back again with the same care, in due time regained the daylight in safety. He did not say so, but I have very little doubt that he was glad when he emerged, and once more looked upon the sun. In summer time this journey is less dangerous. It is always, however, accompanied by risk.

Above the Falls the scenery is pleasant but tame, the banks being almost on a level with the water. Below them, however, it is very beautiful. The perpendicular precipices are clad with verdure, and the river rushes between them, as between two great walls, with the speed of a mill-race. This stupendous chasm is much narrower than the channel above the cataracts; hence the beautifully green stream rolls so swift and deep. There is no scenery in Upper Canada superior to this.

The Table Rock was formerly the chosen point whence people looked down into this awful depth; but a few years ago this projection fell with a thundering crash, just after a carriage with visitors had driven away. Still the view is as grand as ever, and from a thousand points you may enjoy it; that is, if your head can bear it. To me it is too terrible. I cannot look over without a shudder which drives me back.

There is a little steamer, named, if I remember, "The Lady of the Mist," which paddles between the Falls and the Whirlpool, and conveys passengers as near as possible to both these wonders. Of course, it was built above the Whirlpool—never passed it, nor never will; and with Scylla on the one hand, and Charybdis on the other, its voyages must be very short ones. It puffs about like a toy upon its world of waters, and affords from its deck the best view of the marvellous scene in which it moves.

Drummond-ville is quite a fashionable place. Families go there for summer quarters, and some have made it their abode altogether. I should

suppose, however, that the appalling accidents which happen from time to time, must make it an unenviable residence. Scarce a summer passes in which some unhappy being is not seen struggling, and imploring aid, as he drives on amidst the remorseless rapids to an awful death. Not very long ago, a little child was somehow or other swept off the bank, and a young lady jumped in after it. Within the last year a poor fellow was carried down in a skiff or canoe, and caught on the upper end of Goat island, where, amidst the horrible brattle and dementing terror, he screamed for succour. Men saw, heard, and with heart and hand strove to save him; but all was vain. In the very act, I believe, of attempting to lay hold on the means of escape thrown towards him, he was torn away, dashed down, and destroyed.

During the rebellion of 1837-38, an exciting scene was one night witnessed here. A few miles above the Falls is a place called Navy Island, or, as Mr. Fonblanque styled it, *Knave* Island. On this spot a party of the *soi-disant* rebels took up a position, from whence it was found somewhat troublesome to dislodge them. Our militia did what they could, and there was a good deal of cannonading from the shore. But still they held their ground. Meantime it was found out that a steamer called the "Caroline" plied frequently between the American shore and this rendezvous, conveying supplies of all sorts, military and others. Immediately a party of British volunteers resolved to stop so nefarious a proceeding. Accordingly, taking to their boats, well armed, in a dark night, they crossed over, boarded the vessel, put all her crew on shore, set fire to her, cut her adrift, and then rowed off again. Slowly she left the wharf, and while her captors pulled away, she drifted down the fierce current, and in a blaze of flame was hurled hissing into the abyss.

A very different incident took place in the same vicinity some years ago. An American, travelling with his family from the southern states, crossed over to the Canadian side. Among his chattels was a female slave, who acted as nursery-maid or lady's-maid to the party. While they remained in one of our hotels, some one asked the girl whether she were a slave or not. On her saying that she was, her new friend pointed out to her the fact that, being on British territory, she was now free, and need not go back into bondage unless she chose. She soon made up her mind. The time came when her owner prepared to return into the territory of the Republic, and she was required to bestir herself as usual. Soon everything was packed up and ready. When, however, the party was just about to start, she informed her master that she thought she would just stay where she was. The slaveholder was bit. He had forgotten the risk he ran, and there was no help for him but to go home again, *minus* a piece of property worth at least a thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds.

My first visit took place when I was travelling on towards Lake Huron, and I soon afterwards found myself at Buffalo, and thence steaming away to the west. But in 1851 I was again at Niagara. On a Monday evening I left Albany, and travelled all night, reaching Buffalo in the morning, too late for breakfast and the Chippewa

steamer. I was now at a loss how to proceed, but thought that it would assist me considerably if I had something to eat. Accordingly I went into a large hotel near the terminus, and asked for, rather than ordered, breakfast. The man in charge seemed very little disposed to trouble himself about me. However, after waiting some time, a few scraps, left from the public table, together with some wretched, cold coffee, were set before me, of which I ate as I best could, and for which I was charged the usual fare. I then went on to Lewiston.

This is the "town of the Falls" on the American side, as Drummond-ville is on the Canadian. I had previously found the gaiety of the latter place disagreeable; that of Lewiston was still more so. The town is larger, the crowds who frequent it are greater. Hotels were in every quarter. Black waiters were lounging, or running about hither and thither. The street was full of idlers, and on the bank, near the Falls, crowds of ladies, in all the finery of summer dresses and gay parasols, were walking about, while the air rang with the voices of troops of children. Most of these people were visitors; for one can almost always tell an American on his travels by the style of his dress. In England, when people leave home they study comfort, and in all the ease and true elegance of loose coats, feel at home wherever they are, and ready for all weathers. It is far otherwise in America. There men go from town to town, by stage-coach, rail-car, or steamer, in full dress, and are such slaves to the prevailing mode, that the same thing may be said of each, which Pope long ago said on another subject:—

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the garden just reflects the other."

When you have seen one, you have seen the nation. A black dress coat, black trousers, the unchanging black satin vest, a black satin stock, with a collar whose points terminate at the back of the ear, a drab hat on the head, and long-toed boots on the feet, complete the costume of a traveller in the States.

The fair sex manage better; for while the identical pattern is used throughout the whole Union, by every lady traveller in it, this pattern is simple, suitable undress, and easy. The men look always as if they were going out to dinner; the ladies look like sensible people as they are, who wish to enjoy themselves.

In this hubbub I had my last view of Niagara, and was as much impressed as I had been by my first. On this occasion also, I saw the wire suspension bridge, which connects the two countries about two miles further down. Reader, did you ever notice a spider's thread glittering on a summer's morning, and level with your eyes, as it stretched across the narrow garden path, between one tree and another? Just like this is the Niagara suspension bridge. It does the engineer great credit, and he was an American. But it is strange to look on this cord, drawn from one precipice to another, with a gigantic river rushing nearly two hundred feet below. A man was crossing when I was there, and he looked like a fly creeping along a string. Those who enter Canada

by this path, must have better heads than mine. I did not attempt it, but hired a boat at Youngstown, and got into our province in that way, the same afternoon, remaining at the old town of Niagara all night, and proceeding to Toronto next day. Thus have I said a word or two about a place which all who can should visit for themselves.

A RUSSIAN ÆSOP.

THE writer whom we have thus designated is Ivan Andréévitch Kriloff, whose name, we believe, has never before been printed in England. But although unknown in this country, no native author is more popular in Russia, especially amongst those of the lower orders who can read. He was born in 1767, and died in 1845. He wrote a large number of pieces for the stage; but his principal productions are his fables, which are to be found in almost every Russian household in which there are any books to be found at all, and are in all respects decidedly superior to anything else that has hitherto proceeded from a Russian pen. But literature, as yet, has made so little progress in Russia, that Kriloff's fables, notwithstanding what we have said of them, appear, when compared with those of the ancient Phrygian, or with those of some of the modern fabulists of other countries, sadly wanting in both originality and point. Still, they have a character of their own, which renders them curious; and we have thought that translations of a few of them might be moreover interesting as affording specimens of the popular reading and popular literature of the Russians. We have accordingly translated, and shall take the liberty of giving here, three of those of them which seemed most capable of being rendered intelligible to English readers. The one that we shall offer first is directed against those who give an undue share of their attention to political affairs. It is the duty of every citizen to give thereto a certain amount of attention, but whoever gives more than this, must neglect other duties, and in one way or another be a loser by such negligence. But this remark is true of many other things besides politics, and it would have been well had the fable been capable of a wider application. Such as it is, however, it runs as follows:—

"Three wagoners who were journeying from St. Petersburg to Moscow, stopped at a village inn to pass the night. Having travelled far since dinner, they were hungry as well as tired; so, immediately upon entering, they ordered supper. A village larder is never rich in delicacies, and in that of the inn was nothing but cabbage and black bread. This was not the fare the wagoners were accustomed to sup off at St. Petersburg; but it was better to sup off *it* than not at all, so they desired their hostess to toast the bread and boil the cabbage, and place these viands before them with the utmost speed. Making the sign of the cross, they then seated themselves at the table.

"When the repast was served, it was found that its poor quality was not its worst fault. It was also deficient in quantity—so much so, that

any one of the three wagoners could have easily eaten the whole. To remedy this, so far as he was himself concerned, one of them resolved to employ a stratagem. 'Brothers,' he cried to his comrades, 'what do you think of the new war?' 'What new war?' they both inquired at once. 'Ah!' replied their companion, 'have you not heard that our father* has declared war against China?' 'No.' 'Then I can tell you war has been declared a week!'

"Upon hearing this, his comrades, who were both politicians, immediately commenced a warm discussion respecting the origin of the war, its probable issue, and the generals who would be most likely to conduct it. They heaped conjectures upon conjectures, and argued, time after time, till they were out of breath. This was just as the wily wagoner had expected. Whilst they disputed, manœuvred troops, and directed armies, *he* ate; and when at last their discussion was brought to a close, they found that the supper had been *all eaten long ago.*"

The moral of the following is less obvious. The *vodka* which it speaks of is a kind of brandy, made from wheat, which soon intoxicates, and which constitutes the ordinary drink of the Russian moujiks, or freemen of the lowest class. It is usually drunk in the *kaback*, or public house, but every moujik keeps a small store at his own home for the purpose of drinking with his friends on holy days and the feasts days appointed by the church. The expression "God has visited me," to be found in what follows, is commonly used in Russia to signify "I have had a great misfortune."

"'Good morning, Thadeus.' 'Good morning, Yégor. How has the world gone with you of late?' 'Alas! but sadly, brother Thadeus. Since last I saw you, God has visited me. The other night I set fire to my house, and everything that I possessed was consumed by the flames.' 'Set fire to your house, comrade! That was an ill trick to play yourself.' 'Ah! brother Thadeus, it was all owing to the *vodka*. It being Christmas-eve, I had asked some friends to sup with me, and had provided plenty to drink, as well as to eat. After supper, I left the table to go and feed the horses. But the *vodka* had got into my head, and had made my hand so unsteady that I let some sparks fall from the torch amongst the hay. Immediately the whole house was in flames, and, with everything that it contained, was reduced to ashes. It was by little less than a miracle that I saved even my life!'

"'Ah! that is a sad story, brother Yégor. But God has visited me as well as you. Since last I saw you, I have become lame in both my legs, and it is a marvel that I am still amongst the living! On Christmas-eve I had some friends at my house also. After supper, I left the table to go into the cellar for more beer. But I had already drunk so much that my hand was, like yours, somewhat unsteady, and I was afraid that sparks would drop from my torch and set the house on fire. So I put it out and went on in the darkness. All went well till I came to the top of

* Batiouchka, "our father," or "little father," is the name by which the people call the czar.

the cellar steps, but then I missed my footing and fell to the bottom. When I was picked up, both my legs were broken, and I was told that all the rest of my life I should have to go on crutches!"

"Well," said Ivan, who had listened to these narrations, "there is one thing to be learned from your stories, and that is, that although it is certainly dangerous for a drunken man to carry a torch, there is a still greater danger in his walking in the dark without one!"

The moral of this, we repeat, is somewhat obscure. The reader, we suppose, is intended to draw the inference, that under no circumstances can drunkenness be indulged in with impunity, and that therefore the only safe course is never to get drunk at all. Our final specimen of the productions of Andréévitch Kriloff is called "The Wonderful Bridge." It is not deficient in point, but labours under other objections. The example which it gives, for instance, of rebuking one lie by another, is obviously not one suited for general imitation. If fables, indeed, are accurate representations of life, based on the manners of the populace among whom they circulate, then it will be observed that the ground-work of those which we have given, as well as of that which is to follow, coincide with the popularly received opinions of the low state of Russian morals. "The wonderful Bridge is as follows:"—

"A nobleman who had just completed a tour through Italy and France, was one day taking a walk with one of his friends. On the way, he spoke of the wonders he had seen during his tour, interlarding the account with a goodly number of inventions. He was one of those ungrateful Russians who delight in vaunting other countries at the expense of their own, and on this occasion he made comparisons between the climate and sky of Russia and those of some of the countries he had lately visited, exceedingly unfavourable to the former. For instance, after having spoken of the extreme variableness of the Russian climate, which is sometimes as warm as that of the tropics, and at others as cold as that of the regions near the poles, he declared that in France and Italy the weather never changed, but was always warm and sunny; and asserted that there neither night nor darkness ever came, and the whole year was one perpetual May, or spring. 'There, too,' he added, 'they neither plant nor sow, and yet their flowers and fruits are the finest in the world. At Rome, for instance, I have seen a cucumber—you will think it astonishing, but it is a fact—as large as a mountain!'

"His friend listened to all these recitals without speaking; but when the nobleman came to repeat his declaration with regard to the size of the cucumber he had seen at Rome: 'That is certainly a marvel,' said his companion; 'but there are marvels everywhere. The world is full of them, and I dare say we have as many here in Russia as there are at Rome. For example, we ourselves are at the present moment approaching that of which the like, I feel convinced, never was seen elsewhere. You see this bridge, a little way before us?' 'Yes. What of it?' 'Why, it possesses this remarkable property, it will not allow a liar to pass over it. The moment a liar sets his feet upon it, it opens and precipitates him into the

water.' 'Ah! and the river—?' 'Is the deepest in the province. Is not this bridge, with its aversion for liars, as great a marvel as the Roman cucumber which you said was as large as a mountain?' 'Did I say as large as a mountain? Why, perhaps, as large as a house would have been nearer it.' 'Well, a house is certainly smaller than a mountain; but if the Roman cucumber was only as large as a house, it still was a great curiosity: though I do not think a greater one than this bridge, which will not let a liar go across it.' 'No, not a greater, and indeed not so great a one, perhaps, as you imagine; for the houses at Rome are not so large as ours. They are merely little cabins, which will not hold more than two or three persons at a time, and in which it is all that you can do to stand upright.' 'Indeed! Then I shall insist upon the superiority of this bridge, which opens the moment a liar sets his foot on it. Though I must acknowledge that even a cucumber, which, if hollow, two or three persons could enter and stand upright in, is still a very astonishing legume, and——' 'Stay,' hastily exclaimed the nobleman, just as his companion was setting foot upon the bridge, which they had in the course of their conversation approached, 'would not a walk along this bank of the river be pleasanter than any we should find on the other side?' "

Throughout the Russias, whenever any one is thought to be speaking more than the truth, he is delicately accused of doing so by being asked if he "dare cross the wonderful bridge."

VOLTAIRE AND HIS TIMES.

AN able work entitled "Voltaire and his Times," from the pen of a distinguished French writer, has recently appeared.* If the world presents us anywhere with an instance of brilliant but misdirected talents, it is to be found in the memoirs of this once celebrated individual. We open the work, not for the sake of criticism, which we leave in other hands, though we can honestly recommend its perusal to all who wish to see the eighteenth century, especially as it was in France, stripped of the meretricious garb in which it had been the fashion to clothe it, and exhibited in its true colours. Our object is to draw a moral lesson from its contents. If history has any power to teach by example, we shall surely derive some advantage from pausing for a moment before the grave of Voltaire, and asking, in a spirit of severe and righteous charity, what he was and what he did. Indeed, we are scarcely at liberty to decline this task in the present day, when infidelity is raising its old pretensions, and attempting to renovate the world without the aid of Divine truth. We shall gain some knowledge of the moral power of scepticism, by surveying the character of him who was recognised for half a century as its chief apostle.

Voltaire began his literary career in evil times. The ambitious and dissolute reign of Louis xv had poured a flood of immorality through France. Political oppression had forced the mass of the people to think for themselves. In doing this

* Voltaire and his Times. Edinburgh: T. Constable.

they did not separate the chaff from the wheat, but condemned everything, whether good or bad, which seemed to have any connection with existing institutions. The fearful excesses which marked the close of the century were then beginning to germinate in the bosom of the nation. Here was a noble task for a man of popular talents, combined with integrity and patriotism—to instruct the people in sound principles, to rebuke the levity and licentiousness of the age, to enforce the sacred claims of truth, and, while exposing the superstitious practices of the Romish church, to assert the reality and necessity of that pure religion which is founded upon the word of God. If Voltaire, and those writers who made him their model, had done this, how differently might we have had to write the history of France. But, instead of playing this noble part, Voltaire pandered to the irreligious principles and tastes of his countrymen. "He led his age," says M. Bungener, "by following it; he served it as it desired to be served—gave it wit and fine verses, but nothing more." An upright man, if he had not been courageous enough to denounce the vices which flourished beneath the throne, and threw from that elevation a poisonous shadow over the land, would at least have been silent. But Voltaire saw nothing in the immorality which disgraced the court of Louis xv, to draw forth his censure. He even dedicated one of his poems to Madame de Pompadour, thus giving the lustre of his talents to the cause of debauchery.

If we wished for a mirror of the eighteenth century we should find it in Voltaire; or, to choose a more appropriate figure, his life is a camera obscura in which we behold, surrounded with darkness, the forms and principles of the men who swayed in his time the intellectual sceptre of France. With perfect candour we can say that the more we see of these men, the better insight we obtain into their real character, the more heartily do we despise them. Condorcet, D'Alembert, Grimm, Diderot, Helvetius, Voltaire, and their colleagues of the *Encyclopédie*, were the chiefs of a conspiracy against everything which bore the name of religion, or could even remind men of the existence of God. In this unholy war their tactics were as good as their principles, but no better. To strengthen their influence, they had to make themselves out great men. This was easily accomplished, since they were all agreed. There was a tacit understanding that each should burn incense to all the rest, on condition that all the rest burnt incense to him. Their vanity was astounding. One is almost tempted to think that their impious hatred of the very name of God arose in part from a desire to secure all the worship of mankind for themselves. It is difficult to read without a blush the fulsome language in which they addressed each other. A specimen or two will suffice. "'I was asked the other day,' writes Voltaire, 'what I thought of the *Eloges* of M. de Condorcet. I replied, by writing on the title-page, 'Justice, accuracy, learning, clearness, precision, taste, elegance and nobleness.' Has he occasion to speak of Marmontel? 'Our age must have lain sweltering in the mud had not the fifteenth chapter of *Belisarius* been written.' Has he to speak of La Harpe, on the announcement of a new piece from his pen: 'Europe is waiting for *Melanie*,' says he. In his

correspondence with D'Alembert, we find perpetually, 'My dear great man—my universal genius—adieu, thou man who art above thine age and country—adieu, great man—adieu, eagle,' and the like; the whole, to give higher relief to these magnificent expressions, amid familiarities and obscenities of all sorts." Only think of "the age" being rescued from ruin by a chapter of Marmontel, and all Europe standing in breathless expectation of a work by La Harpe! After this it was a poor compliment to D'Alembert, to say that he was *above* his age and country. Poor men! their dust has long since mingled with its parent earth, and their very names are vanishing from the memory of mankind, while the inspired productions of the fishermen of Galilee are daily winning new converts to the cause of truth and righteousness. But, were they honest in thus flattering each other? According to our author, far from it. They did it, partly to create a factitious reputation, which might be of service to the cause of infidelity, and partly to get themselves flattered. The compact was as hollow as it was profane.

Voltaire, and the men with whom he acted, were perpetually vaunting the superiority of philosophy over religion. It would be worth asking whether their philosophy deserved the name, if there were any room for putting such a question. But the fact is too obvious to be doubted for a moment. Their philosophy was falsely so called; it was a mixture of vanity and verbiage; bold assumption and fine talking, nothing more. But what sort of influence did their philosophy, such as it was, exert? Did it make them upright, honest, and philanthropic? Did it tend to purify their hearts and inspire them with generous and disinterested sentiments? Christianity has done this for millions who were destitute of the intellectual advantages which they enjoyed. We are justified in demanding what their boasted philosophy did for them. Let us see. Voltaire had certain notions respecting war. When it suited him he could rave about its inhumanity, but at other times he could treat both its principles and the horrors which flowed from it with the coolest indifference. His model hero, Frederic, king of Prussia, surnamed the Great, had conquered Silesia. Our readers will remember how he suddenly broke into the Austrian dominions with a powerful army, the bloody struggle that ensued, what battles were fought, and how many thousands fell. At the close of the war, Frederic wrote its history, and therein confessed that he was induced to enter upon the war merely by ambition, interest, and the desire to be spoken of, combined with his having plenty of troops and money, and being of a rather vivacious character. There was some nobleness in making the confession; but why does it not appear in his printed book? Because Voltaire persuaded him to expunge it. Frederic was an infidel, and such a confession might have damaged the cause of infidelity. While the seven years' war was yet raging, we find Voltaire writing thus: "'I must tell you that I have been crying, *Vive le roi*, on hearing that the French have killed 4000 English with the bayonet. This was not humane, but it was necessary.' Necessary! another of those words which depict the man and his epoch." Again he writes: "'People talk still of two or three massacres. What

then, are we to do? Why, present *Uncured* in December, print it in January, and laugh!" This is the book which we have already mentioned as the one he dedicated to Madame de Pompadour.

A few years after the termination of the seven years' war, Prussia and Austria joined in the first partition of Poland. It is well known how that act of injustice embittered the last hours of Maria Theresa. She had been only a subordinate actor in the tragedy; the chief part was played by Frederic. But who suggested to him so foul a crime as the wanton overthrow of a neighbouring state? Alas for the philanthropy and liberalism of our philosopher! The suggestion came from Voltaire, and it was not his fault if France did not do for Geneva what Frederic did for Poland. Such sympathy did he feel for the work of carnage, that he invented a machine, a sort of chariot armed with scythes, by which he expected that six hundred men and as many horses would be able to destroy an army of ten thousand men. Writing to Catherine, empress of Russia, who, though she had acquiesced in the murder of her husband, was a saint with the Encyclopædists, he says of the Turks, with whom she was then at war: "Will these barbarians always attack as hussars? Will they never present themselves in close array, so as to be run through by some of my Babylonian cars? I should wish at least to have contributed to your killing some Turks; people say that, for a Christian, it is a work agreeable to God." But there are still finer specimens of his philanthropy. He had a special enmity against the Jews, because they seemed to furnish a standing proof of the truth of Christianity. Adverting to the fearful cruelties exercised upon them in Spain in the fifteenth century, he says, "No one could pity them." Alluding to the exaggerated accounts of the crimes they perpetrated in the isle of Cyprus, during the reign of the emperor Trajan, he says 'They were punished, but not so severely as they deserved, *since they still subsist.*'" "It is said," he writes in another letter, 'that the Rev. father Malagrida has been broken on the wheel. God be praised!' " "I have a letter saying that three Jesuits have at length been burned at Lisbon. This is very consolatory news." So much for the tender mercies of infidelity. Who does not see here the germ of those miseries which his unhappy country has since endured.

There was naturally little enthusiasm in Voltaire; but we must make an exception to this statement when Christianity is the subject of his pen. He is never cold when attacking the foundations of our faith. Here he applies himself in good earnest, like a man whose heart is in his work. Still, even in this exceptional case, the single passion which gave life and warmth to his enthusiasm is vanity. "I am tired of hearing them say," he writes in 1761, 'that but twelve men were required to found their religion. I will clearly show them that no more than one is required for its destruction.' " But deep as was his hatred to Christianity, he had not always the honesty to avow it. He would sometimes fall into a passion if a person accused him of infidelity. This, however, was only in keeping with his usual conduct. To disown some production of his pen, when it happened to be unpopular, was a common expedient. For

example, he laboured for twenty years at a poem of a very improper nature, and at last he published it. The character of the work was such that government took alarm, and threatened to prosecute its author. How did Voltaire contrive to escape the storm? In the easiest way imaginable. He declared the work was not his, and denounced all who asserted the contrary as base libellers. He speaks of the very idea that the work was written by him, as the crowning point of the infamous manœuvres of his enemies. An unfortunate literary broker, believing the work to be the production of Voltaire, went and offered him fifty louis for the manuscript. Voltaire succeeded in getting the poor fellow put in prison for his supposed calumny. "In 1764, when his *Philosophical Dictionary* first began to be circulated in Paris, he wrote thus to D'Alembert: 'The moment there is any danger, I beseech of you to let me know, in order that I may disavow the work in all the public papers, *with my ordinary candour and innocence.*'"

So much for the candour and integrity of those who wished to be regarded as the regenerators of their age. It was quite in harmony with such conduct for Voltaire to profess himself at times very religious. We should certainly not have expected beforehand to find this most enlightened sage among relic-hunters. When we are told that Voltaire had the pretended piety to solicit at the hands of the pope the hair shirt of St. Francis, and to obtain a dispensation for eating meat on Fridays, it is difficult to repress a smile of credulity. Yet so it was. We are justified by such facts in pronouncing his character to have been a tissue of falsehood. Truthfulness never gave him a moment's concern. When his assertions squared with facts, the agreement was, in a moral sense, accidental. He spoke the truth sometimes, undoubtedly, but then it was because it happened to suit him—not because he felt himself laid under any obligation to do so.

Such was the moral character of Voltaire; but let us not forget that he became what he was through the power of false principles. If he was recreant to the claims of patriotism and religion; if his conscience seemed to be seared, and every good affection smothered; if his talents were laid at the shrine of licentiousness and falsehood, it was because he had thrown aside all the restraints of the word of God. We inherit the same sinful erring nature; there is no reason why we should not become all that made Voltaire so hateful, but the grace of God as it is communicated chiefly through the study and love of his holy word. Let us then bless God for his truth; let us buy it and sell it not, assured that this alone can guide us into the paths which lead to happiness, and after making us useful here, conduct us to a life of glory beyond the grave.

What the condition of the arch-scoffer and high priest of infidelity may be *now*, we dare not say. The subject is awful, and we gladly leave it to be unfolded, if at all, at that dread tribunal where the Scriptures assure as we must all appear to give an account of the deeds done in the body. But assuredly a righteous retribution has attended him in the present life. He lived for self, he loved to inhale the incense of flattery, his hope was to be

applauded by future generations as he was when living. If he had suspected that, within three quarters of a century, his influence would be over, his philosophical pretensions derided, and his name scarcely mentioned, except to "point a moral," the thought would have filled him with agony. Yet this has happened. A few weeks since, in examining the shelves of an old book shop, we saw his collected works ticketed for sale at a few shillings. Still more recently, on selecting for perusal in a large public library, a work written by an ardent admirer, for the express purpose of exhibiting his beauties and trumpeting his fame, the librarian remarked, "It is time that book went out, for it has not been read these six years!" And is it so, Voltaire? Have thy inordinate pretensions already met with such a discomfiture, while *THE BOOK* you spent your life in deriding, sees new evidence of its truth in the oblivion which hastens to cover your grave?

OUT OF FASHION.

OUT of fashion! These are, in the world's estimation, words of awful import. Like the wand of an enchanter, they can with one touch divest of all its excellency and beauty, that upon which the eyes of thousands have been fixed in admiration; transmuting it into something that is for the future to be avoided and despised; banishing it from the ethereal regions of taste into worse than Australian deserts, the antipodes of all that is elegant and pleasing. These seem strong expressions; but the influence of this magical decree, extending to things which I had, in my ignorance, once supposed beyond its sphere, was on a late occasion forcibly presented to my mind.

I was walking with two ladies in a beautiful garden, where flowers of all kinds and colours bloomed around, and every breath of air was "redolent of sweets." My companions were professed florists; and, though not myself possessed of much knowledge on the subject, I listened with pleasure to their dissertations on points connected with it, and examined the blossoms selected for observation. Here the fuchsia hung her graceful bells, and beds were radiant with the gorgeous hues of blue, scarlet, and purple verbenas. But it would be in vain to enter on a description of that fair scene where

"The finished garden to the view
Its vistas opened; and its alleys green
Snatched through the verdant maze the hurried eye,
Distracted wandering."

When my fair associates grew tired of their floral examination, we turned from the gay parterre down a shady shrubby walk. Here, in a comparatively neglected border, some magnificent hollyhocks reared their tall pyramidal forms, thickly covered with blossoms, whose hues, for richness and variety, might rival any of the more delicate flowers which we had been admiring. They attracted the attention of one of the ladies, who uttered, in passing, a note indicative of admiration: "They are very fine." To which the other, who was the owner of the garden, replied: "But do not you know that hollyhocks are now entirely *out of fashion*?"

"So they are," answered her friend, evidently somewhat ashamed of having been detected in admiring what was under the malediction of a tribunal from which there is no appeal, and moving quickly away from the object of *taboo*.

I had now, for the first time, discovered that the influence of the despotic legislator, fashion, extended to the inanimate things of creation. I was already aware of its being exercised over the fine arts, occasionally sentencing them to temporary banishment from society, and recalling them at will. This lesson had been taught me some time before, by hearing a young lady say, in reply to a remark about a newly published poem: "I seldom look at poetry now—it is *out of fashion*;" and by hearing another devoted subject to the same ruling power exclaim, "My sister has a fine taste for music, but never plays now—it is *out of fashion*."

These incidents really occurred, and have not been invented for the purpose of illustrating my subject, which I mention as some may doubt that beings endued with reason could be guilty of the absurdity which they exemplify.

These things, however apparently trifling, led my mind into a train of serious reflections on the probable consequences of this great subservency to public opinion in trifling matters; and its influence on the character, especially of the young, seems to me important enough to merit consideration.

Now, while I should be far from deprecating every change simply because it was new, and while I would never judge the discoveries of modern days in the spirit of those who would rather be wrong with antiquity than right with innovation, I own that such instances as I have just recorded appear to me too characteristic of the present times, and indicative of a dangerous deficiency in the useful habit of exercising the right of private judgment in trifles, naturally leading to a dereliction of it in matters of importance.

If freedom of thought be the sacred inalienable prerogative of human nature, bestowed upon us by our Creator, is it not evident that we must exercise it to become what we were originally intended for, and to fulfil our high destiny, not only as the children of time, but of eternity? When we surrender our mental powers to be moulded by others, and tamely condescend to think by proxy even about trifles, we are training our minds for that kind of passive subjection which may lead us to embrace error in matters of vital importance. And here perhaps it may be well to observe, that in making these remarks I would by no means be understood to condemn teachableness of disposition, or candour in investigating the opinions of others—qualities perfectly consistent with independence of thought and judgment. I am ready to acknowledge that the influence of fashion in such matters as the preference of a fuchsia for a hollyhock is not in itself likely to affect the interests of society; but I would assert that the mental stagnation arising from the habitual surrender of our minds upon such trifling occasions, is of evil tendency, and leads to our doing the same in things of importance.

Cultivate, then, I say again to my readers, the habit of manly reflection and mental decision.

Thoughts to Think About.

It betokens as great a soul to be capable of curing a fault, as to be incapable of committing it.

Man, though born with faculties to search through the depth of time, and powers to flourish through the ages of eternity, seldom looks beyond the present hour.

Thanksgiving is good, but thanksgiving is better.

Your word is your servant, so long as you retain it, but it becomes your master when you suffer it to escape.

An idle person is like an empty house with a board up—THIS HOUSE TO LET.

Idleness is the gate of all harms.

Great cities are Satan's universities.

Why should a living man complain? especially the man whose ten thousand mercies stand opposed to few, very few inconveniences.

Precepts, to be valuable, must prove their worth by examples.

To govern with judgment is to govern with justice.

The greatest hero is not he who subdues nations, but he who conquers himself.

Effects in nature are never fortuitous.

Mistake not motives when causes are unknown.

He who has an appetite for sport feeds on death.

The power of thought is alone sufficient to prove the divinity of mind.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day; activity may lead into evil, but inactivity cannot lead to good.

In private we must watch our thoughts, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.

We may live by forms, but there is no dying by forms.

Human nature is like a bad clock; it may go right now and then, or be made to strike the hour, but its inward frame is to go wrong.

Afflictions are God's whetstones, they put a new edge upon old principles.

The best way to see daylight is to put out thy candle. What thou cannot not comprehend, believe.

We are what we are in private.

Our principles are the springs of our actions; our actions the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be employed in forming our principles.

Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind no is often more agreeable than a rough yes.

Wandering about under the glaciers of Chamouni is like making researches in the German sceptical philosophy: you may catch your death of cold while you are satisfying your curiosity.

The meanest man may be useful to the greatest, and the most eminent stand in need of the meanest; in a building, the highest and lowest stones add to their own mutual stability.

Opinion of ourselves is like the casting of a shadow which is always longest when the sun is at the greatest distance.

All is but lip wisdom that wants experience.

The credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

He that will not look before him, will have to look behind him—with regret.

No man is master of himself that is a slave to his passions.

Never let your tongue go before your thoughts.

Time is like a verb, that can only be of use in the present tense.

Time enough, generally, will prove time little enough.

Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed.

Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make suitable requital.

Time, well employed, gives that health and vigour to the soul which health and retirement afford the body.

Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have a humble opinion of ourselves. True goodness is invariably accompanied by gentleness and humble-mindedness. Those people who are always "sticking on their dignity," are continually losing friends and making enemies, and fostering a spirit of unhappiness in themselves.

Varieties.

INCITEMENT TO PERSEVERANCE.—Nothing is impossible.—Strike out a new path—court honour, fame, glory, wealth.—All shall be yours, if you so will. But with the will there must be energy, courage, foresight, prudence. The heart must be steeled either to bear the shafts of envy, or to hear unmoved the sigh of the widow and fatherless. In many cases the sweet joys of home must be foregone, and the wife considered an appendage, worth the money she saves; the children as only so many incentives to lay up the gold that perishes in the using.

Ask you for fame? Nothing is easier obtained. Turn your hat inside out, wear a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other; make yourself known by your oddities; get "posted up" about town; you are a marked man—the property of the public; you are famous, do what you will.

Ask you for wealth? Begin your search early. Sleep on your pallet of straw—till after the midnight hour—breakfast on a crust—eat no dinners—never allow yourself the luxury of a warm supper. Tie yourself to a penny, and be the bond slave of a dollar.

Deny yourself the pleasure of a book—consider a newspaper a nuisance—forget that you have a soul; turn a deaf ear to distress—time for benevolence when you get rich; then you may sit down with the pious reflection that your deeds are honest—for, good man, have you ever demanded more than your due?

What if your brother perishes in destitution and misery—art thou thy brother's keeper? What if that poor debtor died in a prison-house—was not his debt a lawful one? Was your demand more than the strictest justice might warrant?

Then you can take your gilded Bible, turn over its embellished pages, and let its clear, beautiful print, rejoice the sight of thine eyes. But, what if, unthinkingly, they should rest upon the following passage:—

"Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have been broken. Therefore, snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee."

Never think to get away from the justice of that sentence: Hedge thyself in with golden thorns as thou wilt, snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee.

SCANDAL.—A disposition to scandal is a compound of malignity and simulation. It never urges an opinion with the bold consciousness of truth, but deals in a monotonous jargon of half-sentences, conveying its ambiguities by emphasis. Its propagators lay a mighty stress upon the "May be's," and "I'll say no more." "Let us hope not," "They do say," and "Time will show;" thus confirming the evil they affect to deplore, more under the semblance of pity and prudential caution, than they possibly could in any shape, short of demonstration. Observe the greatest reserve with persons of this description: they are the hyenas of society, perpetually prowling over reputation, which is their prey; lamenting, and at the same time enjoying, the ruin they create.

ORDER AT HOME.—One great source of evil to children, is the difference between their fathers and mothers concerning their faults, and the quarrels of which they are sometimes witnesses. Children cannot honour their parents when they see them quarrel; and if, when the father corrects, the mother will fuddle the child, or the reverse, the child will have its way, and will be sure to repeat the fault.

A DOMESTIC FACT.—A wife, remarkable for the tidiness and regularity of her household, one day neglected to have her beds made till the day was pretty far advanced. She had an uncomfortable feeling, inasmuch as the same thing had not occurred for years before; but being engaged, she allowed one duty to take the place of another. A loud rap at the door announced that some one urgently wished to be admitted. Her husband had met with a serious accident, and was brought home with his leg broken. This was indeed a calamity, but how greatly was it increased by the confusion in which it found her! Her husband had to be placed in an unmade bed, from which he could not for a long time be removed, and this operated as a constant reproach to his wife, who endured as much uneasiness from this one instance of neglect as she had derived comfort from her accustomed regularity.